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THE

PHOTOGRAPH:

A Comedy in One Act.

DEDICATED

TO

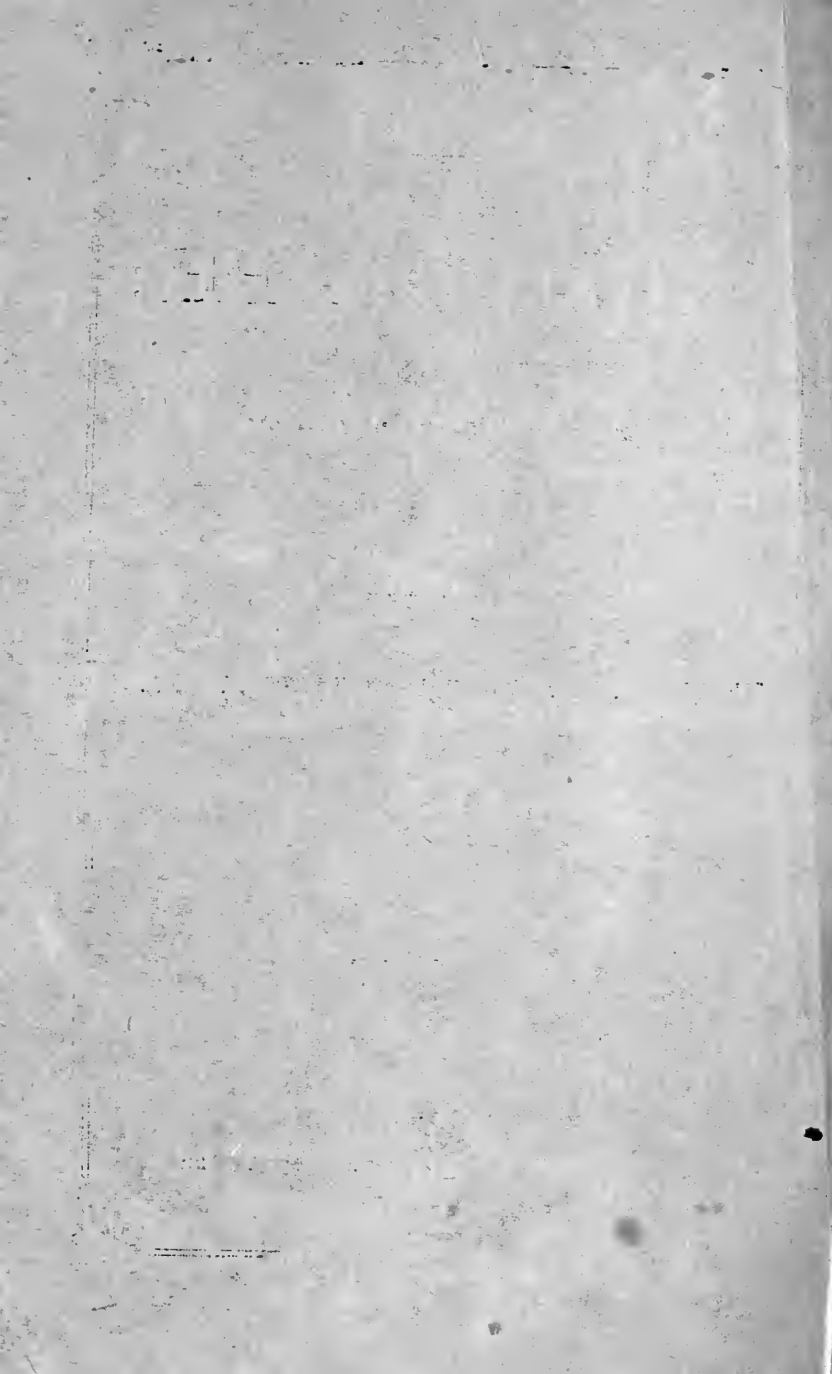
MY DEAR CHILDREN OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

L. G.

New-York:

ROBERT CODDINGTON, PUBLISHER, 366 BOWERY.

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P 5635
29 P 575

CHARACTERS.



BRADLY,..... *Photographer.*
SKINFLINT,..... *Landlord.*
NUTMEG,..... *Grocer.*
WAXALL,..... *Shoemaker.*
HARRIS,..... *Uncle of Bradly.*
GRIDDLE,..... *Restaurateur.*
COURTNEY, } *Friends of Bradly.*
LEROY, ... }
RAPINET,..... *Apprentice to Bradly.*
NARCISSUS, }
PHILLIP, ... } *Sons of Griddle.*
TOM, }
CHARLES, .. }

DEPUTY SHERIFF AND TWO CONSTABLES.



THE SCENE REPRESENTS THE INTERIOR OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC
ESTABLISHMENT.

21857

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

SCENE I.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, AND LEROY.

BRADLY. (*Examining a negative.*) What a splendid hit! How carefully done!—how clear! Perfectly striking! The neatest one yet. Just look here Courtney, see what finish there is in those mezzo tints—how those shades are well defined—how boldly the dark stands out from the white. Don't they?

COURTNEY. Perfectly stunning, indeed.

LEROY. (*Enters.*) Well, gents, how goes it—have you succeeded?

BRA. Yes, famously. I have just copied this engraving very nicely. If my fellow-citizen on the corner had but a glimpse of it, it would be sufficient to give him the blues.

LER. Let me have a peep at this astonishing proof. (*He takes the glass and rubs it lightly with his finger.*)

BRA. Oh, what a stupid fellow! What have you

done? Spoilt my best negative—such as I may never hit again.

LER. Well, now, indeed. I—I thought I saw a speck of dust on the gentleman's eye.

BRA. Did you ever hear of taking off dust with the finger? Hang it, isn't it too bad, always out of luck. Had it been a poor copy, it would not have happened. But, such a splendid copy!—one for which I would have got ten dollars, no doubt. Yes, enough to live a couple of weeks on.

COURT. Listen, some one knocks—a customer, perhaps.

BRA. More likely a creditor. Walk in.

SCENE II.

The same. Enter MR. NUTMEG. (Full dress—black coat, heavy gold watch chain, with many trinkets, heavy silver-headed cane, very tight boots.)

BRADLY. (*Comes forward.*) Good morning, sir. What can I do for you, sir?

NUTMEG. I come here, sir, animated with a strong desire to have my likeness taken; for you see, sir, I am *Mister* Nutmeg, wholesale and retail grocer for the last twenty years—yes, sir, twenty years! I have an extensive establishment, sir, No. 33 Chicory street. I keep there all sorts of groceries, preserves, etc. I am favorably known to the first houses in the city. Proof of it—I supplied, three years ago, amongst other things,

pickles, and lobsters to the Japanese Committee ! Why, bless you, sir, such lobsters that even the aldermen got sick from eating too much of them.

COURTNEY. (*In a low voice to Leroy.*) Let him go on, and he will say that he is, or has been, mustard-maker to the Pope.

NUT. (*Hears him.*) Of what, sir ? What did you observe, sir ?

COURT. I was remarking that my friend Bradly has seldom the honor of waiting upon so distinguished a customer.

NUT. Well, well. Now, Mister Photograph, I put myself in your artistical hands, that you may take from my person the finest possible portrait.

BRA. How will you have it, sir, standing or sitting ?

NUT. Well, goodness me, it makes very little difference as long as it shows plainly *what* I am.—George Washington Jefferson Nutmeg, born in his native place, Newburyport, Massachusetts. Grocer in New York, No. 33 Chicory street, just about retiring from business. Oh, I forgot ; I would further observe, I must have something of a military appearance ; because, you know, I am an active member of the militia.

COURT. If the gentleman happened to be a judge, why, then, Bradly, you will paint him a wig.

NUT. Judge ! No, sir, I am not. In the first place I don't exactly know how they look. However, there is no telling what may turn up yet. With money now a days you can be almost any thing, or every thing, in fact. Why, there's James Harris, an old townsman of mine, who became senator. I'll hat his deceased

uncle's money had something to do with it; there's no telling.

BRA. What size portrait would you like, sir?

NUT. Why, sir, full size, of course, and a little larger, if possible, as you see it is very important that I do not lose in it any personal advantage, physical or otherwise; no, indeed, not one.

BRA. Beg your pardon, sir, you do not understand me. I wish to ask of what dimension you desire to have your portrait.

NUT. Oh, ah, yes, let me see. I have a mantle-piece in my little back parlor, over which I think there is a vacant space—so big. (*He extends his hands about two feet.*)

BRA. Sir, a portrait of that size would cost you forty dollars, without frame; and such a one to match would be fifteen dollars more.

NUT. Fifty-five dollars! Why, sir, it's too dear! Do you know how many candles, how many pounds of flour, how many jars of pickles I would have to sell to make up such a sum? It would take—. Allow me, you have never been in the grocery business, have you?

BRA. No, sir, never.

NUT. Well, then, you will have a better idea of it, and of what I mean, if I tell you that to make up such a sum I should have to provide four Japanese entertainments, and even then on condition that *all* the aldermen are invited to each.

BRA. I understand, sir. But we have very neat portraits at two dollars, including case; then, however, you will appear only half size.

NUT. Now that's more like it. Two dollars. That suits me better. But, anyhow, my trinkets—I mean my watch chain and charms—will show to advantage?

BRA. Certainly, sir.

NUT. Good! And my whiskers will be dark brown, won't they?

BRA. Yes, sir.

NUT. And my cravat, which cost me one dollar and seventy-five cents, will that be seen?

BRA. Yes, sir.

NUT. And my double-gilt pin?

BRA. Yes, sir.

NUT. And my shirt studs?

BRA. Yes, sir—yes, sir!

NUT. And the silver head of my cane?

BRA. Yes, sir, all will be seen.

NUT. (*To himself.*) Provided it is not seen that I wear a wig. (*Aloud.*) Well, then, what won't be seen?

BRA. Well, sir, in the first place, can't see your back and can't see your legs—that's all.

NUT. The devil! Can't see my legs! Why, I am particularly desirous to be seen to the best advantage. Now, only think—I'll tell you I have on to-day, for the first time, a pair of boots such as Franks never made before. Why, he charged me six dollars for them, and I really would like to keep them all my life-time—in a portrait, at least.

COURT. Your boots, sir, might be taken off separate.

NUT. I don't want my boots taken off to make my

portrait. Pooh—what an idea! I would look as if I went barefooted!

BRA. The gentleman means that a separate portrait could be made of them.

NUT. Ah, that's it! Half size also, you mean, sir. What a splendid discovery this photography is? (*Bradly prepares his instrument.*) However, as I don't care so much for my legs as for my face, you can take them—. How did we say, just now?

COURT. Half size.

NUT. That's it, half size legs for one dollar; what a match that will make to my aunt's portrait?

BRA. Yes, sir. Please take a seat, and take a position. (*He places him.*) So. Now, sir, it will not take long. (*He brings his passe partout, and places it in the case.*) Please remain perfectly still, sir.

NUT. Oh, yes, sir.
(*During this time Rapinet is heard coming up the stairs singing; when he opens the door Nutmeg turns around to see him.*)

BRA. Ah! my good sir, you have moved.

NUT. Well, now, didn't I wish to see who came in.

BRA. Really, sir, that was quite unnecessary. I shall have to commence again. (*He retires to prepare another plate.*)

NUT. Why, it's very singular that one cannot move during the time. I am sure I can't understand what difference it makes. The machine would have represented me as looking at this young man—that's all. I am sure *that* would have been quite a natural look.

BRA. (*Bringing his passepartout.*) This time, sir, please do not move. I beg of you.

NUT. Oh no, sir.

(*During this sitting the handkerchief that Nutmeg had put on his knee, falls off ; he leans over to pick it up ; Bradly does not notice it. Bradly draws out the plate to prepare it, but returns immediately.*)

BRA. (*Astonished.*) Well, sir, the picture is spoilt again. You *must* have moved.

NUT. A leetle, sir, but very little ; just to pick up my India silk handkerchief that had fallen *down*.

BRA. It is too provoking, sir. If you do not consent to be perfectly still it is impossible for me to take your portrait. (*He goes out.*)

NUT. Never mind, this time I shan't move a bit—there, now. I will put my India silk handkerchief in my pocket. But as I wish that those who see my portrait may see that I *can* afford to have India silk handkerchiefs, I'll just let a corner of it stick out. There—so. Won't that look snug ? Anyhow, if it ain't right this time, I don't know what I shall do.

(*Bradly comes back, puts Nutmeg in position, takes the portrait, and goes out to his laboratory.*)

NUT. Well, I guess it's a fit this time. I always had my eyes stuck to the hole in his machine, so that I could see a dozen of them at once. Why, bless me, I had no idea a fellow had to sit still and straight as a church steeple.

BRA. (*Brings in the portrait and shows it to Nutmeg.*) There it is, sir. Look at it, but do not touch it.

NUT. Oh, that's me ! That's it ex-actly. (*Looks a*

little closer.) Hold on a bit; it seems to me that it squints.

BRA. No, sir; it's only the effect of the light. It will disappear at the finishing.

NUT. Anyhow, it's a great deal more like me than that old painted canvass portrait that I bought in a second-hand shop twelve years ago, altho' it *did* look a good deal like me then.

(Bradly holds the plate over the lamp.)

NUT. Hallo! must it be baked that you put me over the flame so? Ah, yes! I remember, it's just like my coffee cups—bran new porcelain; they were baked in an oven to paint them, so that they would last longer.

BRA. *(Gives him his portrait in a case.)* Sir, do you still wish to have the portrait of your legs?

NUT. Certainly, sir.

BRA. Then, sir, please get up on this table. *(Nutmeg does so.)* Hold up your coat-tails, if you please—that's it. Do you wish a front or a side view?

NUT. I want them just so—it's a very distinguished position. *(He places his feet in a straight line—heel against heel.)* It's rather unsteady. There. But it won't take long. *(He keeps in equilibrium by moving his arms about, finally he falls forward on his hands.)*

BRA. My good sir, you have taken such a very uncomfortable position that I shall have to try again.

NUT. Then just place them yourself.
(Bradly does so, and takes the portrait. Nutmeg, in getting down from the table, falls on the side, gets up, holding his legs with both hands.)

NUT. How lucky that I didn't fall before getting taken. Why, I would certainly look awkward.

BRA. (*Hands him the two cases.*) Sir, it is four dollars.

NUT. What, four dollars! How is that? One dollar more than we agreed, and a sprain in the bargain!

BRA. It is three dollars for the two portraits, and one dollar for the two attempts, through your carelessness.

NUT. Sir, it is outrageous, to say the least. Here are your four dollars, Mister Artist. You shan't catch me again. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE III.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, LEROY, AND RAPINET.

BRADLY. Good-bye, grocer! My friend, go and hang your half size legs facing your worthy aunt!

COURTNEY. That's a jolly customer.

BRA. Customer—no! Didn't he say he would never come back! Who cares? We have his four dollars—plenty for four spree. Hurrah for the Chicory Street Grocers!

ALL TOGETHER. Hurrah for the Chicory Street Grocers!

(*All sing together. Air, Dixie Land.*)

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Chicory
Street Grocers, hurrah, hurrah,
Chicory street's the spot for me,
Hurrah, hurrah.

COURT. Second verse. (*They repeat the same thing.*)

BRA. Enough of that. I am hungry—yes, hungry as a wolf. Here, Rapinet, just run over to the eating-house across the street, and bring back a dinner for three, with a bottle of wine for each.

RAPINET. What, three?

BRA. Why, you impudent fellow! My friends Courtney and Leroy, here present, and myself.

RAP. Oh! that's it. And Rapinet will look on?

BRA. In the first place you will wait on us, and then you can lick the dishes.

RAP. What do you mean? Do you consider me a scullion and a dog! However, the wisdom of nations says that a feast for three is enough for four. So never mind.

BRA. Here is two dollars to pay with.

(*He gives the money to Rapinet, and assisted by Courtney, they prepare the table, putting a newspaper as table-cloth, and regulate things about the room. Rapinet returns, putting on the table two covered dishes, three bottles, three glasses, and a loaf of bread.*)

BRA. (*Looking at the bottles.*) Sure enough—I'm not mistaken. They look as if they had been opened!

RAP. Of course you will say that I drank out of them?

BRA. Well, who else? Moreover, here's a glass that shows it pretty plainly.

RAP. You see, Mr. Bradly, I happened to pass before the door of the baker down stairs, and there came such a puff of hot air from his oven that I was suddenly taken with an awful thirst.

BRA. (*Uncovering one of the dishes.*) Ah! look here, young man, this won't do, you are decidedly a thief; you have taken a leg of that chicken.

RAP. I! Only hear that! How could I have time to eat the leg of your chicken?

BRA. (*Seizing hold of him, searches him, and pulls out of his pocket a leg of a chicken.*) Well, now, you young rascal, deny it if you dare?

RAP. Sure and some one put it in my pocket.

BRA. Clear out, Rapinet! Go away, you thief!—you rascal!

RAP. With the greatest pleasure, since you refuse to feed me. But I won't leave until you give me what you owe me.

BRA. What I owe you? Oh, yes! I'll give you what I owe you. There! there's what I owe you! Run! Carry it to the Savings Bank! (*He kicks and cuffs Rapinet, who runs off, crying out, "Murder! murder!"*)

SCENE IV.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, AND LEROY.

(*Sit at the table and eat.*)

BRADLY. At last I am rid of him. I hope he will never come back. You have no idea of the quantity of plates and bowls he has broken, and of chemicals he has spoilt. He came near smashing my camera obscura the other day. (*Hard knocking is heard at the door.*) Aye! I am sure that it is the landlord. That rascal

Rapinet, no doubt, went and told him I had received money. (*Knocking is repeated harder still.*)

A VOICE OUTSIDE. I say, Mr. Bradley, are you going to open that door? I have a right to see you and to speak to you, may be.

BRA. Mr. Skinflint, good day to you. How are you? I am not at home.

SCENE V.

The same. Skinflint breaks the door open and walks in.

SKINFLINT. (*Angrily.*) You have just received some money. Your boy has told me so. You must pay me my quarter's rent. (*Perceives the dishes and bottles.*) Just like you artists—lazy, hungry, good-for-nothing set; good for a spree, and never pay the landlord.

BRA. Mr. Skinflint, the habits of artists are none of your concerns, sir. Leave my premises, sir, immediately.

SKIN. (*Taking a very determined position.*) Ah! that's rather strong. You owe me a quarter's rent, since two months, and will owe another soon, and you insult me when I call for my due.

BRA. Have patience, Mr. Skinflint. I have been under the necessity to spend what I have just received. Rapinet could have told you so, for he himself went after our dinner. Why, Mr. Skinflint, we have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning.

SKIN. That's all very fine, but it does not pay me.

BRA. There, Mr. Skinflint, let me offer you your portrait as a proof of my good intentions, at least.

SKIN. My portrait! *My portrait!* I have no use for it. It's ten dollars that I want; and if I don't get them within an hour, I'll have you turned out. Yes, you, your friends, and your fixtures, who dirty the stairs, from morning to night, so that all the tenants complain. I say, are you going to pay me?

BRA. Pay you! Ten Dollars! I haven't them.

SKIN. You a barefaced liar. You have just received four dollars from my friend Nutmeg; and the proof of it is this dinner you've ordered, as if you were nabobs.

(Bradly, Courtney, and Leroy singing.)

Good-bye, Skinflint, good-night,
Nothing for you, don't get the gripe;
If you're displeased you can say so,
Dear Skinflint, won't we laugh—oh!

SKIN. *(Furious.)* That's the way you fool your landlord, instead of paying him, eh?

(They go on singing, louder still.)

You are very cruel to treat us so,
Of all your talk we care not, oh!
As our feelings ain't so tender,
You'll not break them as a cracker.

SKIN. Since you still persist in this contemptible strain, just hold on a few minutes, and I will have all of you arrested. Good-bye—so long. *(He goes out.)*

ALL THREE. Good-bye, Mr. Skinflint, good-bye.

SCENE VI.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, AND LEROY.

BRADLY. What a bore with his rent! Always after money, these landlords. They never can speak of anything else. Hush!—another knock. Walk in.

SCENE VII.

THE FORMER. MR. WAXALL.

WAXALL. Yes, another knock, and for a good reason. You have received four dollars just now—your boy has told me so. I want some money.

BRADLY. Money? And pray what for?

WAX. What for! I'll tell you. (*He pulls out a bill from his pocket.*) Mr. Bradly to Mr. Waxall, Shoemaker, Dr., For half-soling a pair of boots, two dollars; for one pair of gaiters, three dollars; for one pair of shoes, three dollars; for a pair of heels, fifty cents; total, eight dollars and fifty cents, if I can add right. Now, I will just sit down here and wait for my money.

BRA. Mr. Waxall, have pity on a poor young man, who has taken advantage of a stray job to get a dinner, such as he had not tasted for many a day. Now, on the word of an artist, I promise you that as soon as I receive any money, you will be the first one paid. As a proof of my good will towards you, allow me to offer you your portrait for nothing, Mr. Waxall.

WAX. My portrait! For nothing!—for nothing! Agreed! But you promise me the first money you get?

Ah! I wasn't made for a creditor. Just hold on a bit, till I snug up a little.

BRA. No, Mr. Waxall, it's of no use, I will take you as you are; it will look more natural.

WAX. Good idea that, indeed! You will take me busy stitching a boot. I'll be back in a minute. (*He goes out.*)

BRA. What a clever fellow this old Waxall is? Won't his portrait make an item for me?

SCENE VIII.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, WAXALL, AND LEROY.

WAXALL. (*Boot in hand.*) Here goes for a sitting. (*He sits, and makes believe he is stitching.*)

BRA. (*Prepares his instrument.*) Be quite still for a moment, Mr. Waxall—so, that's well. Don't move. (*He prepares the plate and brings the frame.*)

WAX. Now, Mr. Bradley, be careful that my needle, my awl, and my knife show quite plain, so that my grand children, one hundred years hence, can say, when looking at my portrait, "Old man Waxall was no idler." You must also show how well this boot is stitched.

BRA. Of course, Mr. Waxall. Now, attention; you are sitting; your portrait is making. (*Meanwhile Waxall pulls out his thread, shoving out his elbows, and making quite a face.*)

BRA. (*Has his back towards him and does not perceive it. Prepares the plate, and comes back on the scene to look at it.*) Why, Mr. Waxall, I told you not to move!

WAX. Shouldn't I be doing something? otherwise I would look like a shoemaker doing nothing at all, eh?

BRA. No, you would not, Mr. Waxall. Hold your needle so, and don't stir. Look at my instrument, and you will see how much your portrait will look like you.

WAX. The fact is, you must know best. I leave it to you. Here, now—I'll be as still as a last hung on a peg. (*Bradly takes his portrait and goes out to finish it. Waxall continues.*) It is a fixed fact now; Daddy Waxall can slip his wind and go into the next world without any risk of being forgotten. So much for not having been paid by Mister Bradly. If he had done so promptly, instead of making me wait, I might have been nobody when I died; while now, everybody will be bound to think of Daddy Waxall when they see his portrait. Ain't it so? (*Turning to Courtney and Leroy.*)

COURTNEY AND LEROY. (*Gravely.*) Undoubtedly so, sir. (*Bradly returns with the portrait and hands it to Waxall.*)

WAX. Thank you, Mr. Bradly. Excuse my being so rude to you when I came in; but you see, when I brings in a small bill and I am told nix, it's rather trying to my nerves.

BRA. I understand it perfectly, Mr. Waxall; and I promise you that as soon as I have any money, I will settle with you. (*Waxall goes out.*)

BRA. That's another scrape. It makes two. Hang it, there is some one else coming up—maybe the tailor. (*Knocking.*) Walk in.

SCENE IX.

BRADLY, COURTNEY, LEROY AND GRIDDLE.

GRIDDLE. Gentlemen, I call for the plates and dishes that have served for your dinner, and request that you pay me the amount.

BRA. How is that Mr. Griddle, pay you the amount !

GRID. Yes, sir, it is no more than just and correct, that when you take a dinner, you pay for it, unless it is given to you; and that my means have never allowed me to do to any one.

BRA. Goodness me, didn't that Rapinet give you the money ?

GRID. No, sir, upon my honor, I have received nothing.

BRA. In this case, Mr. Griddle you can take away your crockery, my friends and myself will look around to clear up this affair.

GRID. There is very little to clear up about it, sir ; you have had a chicken, 60 cents; eight sausages, 40 cents; six cutlets, 30 cents; bread, 12 cents; three bottles wine, 15 cents each is 45 cents; which all make a grand total of one dollar and 87 cents. That's it cleared up very clear.

BRA. Well, Mr. Griddle, I am sorry for you I have no more money; I gave it all to that scoundrel Rapinet.

GRID. First and foremost, sir, that's none of my business, I must have my money and not later than right off.

BRA. Its impossible, Mr. Griddle, (*he strikes on his pockets*) nothing there, flat as a flounder. If you wish

me to make your portrait and that of your boys, we can perhaps compromise the matter.

GRID. Well after all, its been running in my head this long while, it is a small outlay that I promised my four boys and myself, their father; but then real regular portraits, white apron, white vest, ditto cap, and a utensil in hand. Wait a moment, get your machine ready, and we will sit all five in a row. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE X.

THE PRECEEDING—LESS GRIDDLE.

LEROY. It's time for me to return to the shop, good night.

COURTNEY: Wait for me, I will go with you, I have something to do in that neighborhood.

BRA. Its your turn now to give me a dinner.

COURTNEY AND LEROY. Without any doubt whatsoever, Mr. Photograph; we are going to order it. (*They go out.*)

SCENE XI.

BRADLY *alone* arranging his fixings, sololiquizing in a bitter tone.

BRA. There they go, those dear friends, an artist's friends! when he has work they rush in, when he has debts to pay they rush out—ah, such friends! FRIENDS! a good stomach they have indeed, but a plagued mean heart. (*Shakes his fist towards the door,*) Oh, you mean

contemptible suckers, come back if you dare, you hypocrites.

SCENE XII.

BRADLY, GRIDDLE, and four cook boys, the five in regular cook dress. GRIDDLE holds a spit, one of the boys a pan, the second a skimmer, the third a gridiron, the fourth a ladle.

GRIDDLE. Mr. Artist. We must be seen all five front, I in the middle. (*He places his boys.*)

BRA. Nothing easier Mr. Griddle,

GRID. Come, boys, form a line, same as on parade; the small finger of the left hand on the seam of your breeches, the insigna in the right hand. You, Nicholas, raise your pan a little, and you Phillip, hold your skimmer out better—you look as if you was holding a broomstick, like a groom. Now then; eyes right ahead, 15 feet forward! and stand like the worthy sons of Father Griddle, Restaurateur, since he left the army in 1818; just so!

BRA. Splendid! what a group!

GRID. Oh yes! I can brag of having fine representatives, who will not shame their father. There is Nicholas, who can already make a bass jump slyly on the fry pan; and Timothy disposes creditably of turtle soup.

BRA. Attention! don't move a bit, not a bit.

GRID. Silence in the ranks! Narcissus, my dear, your nose extends beyond the line, won't you—

BRA. Excuse me Mr. Griddle, I am operating.

(He goes through the operation, takes out the plate and retires in his laboratory to finish it; meanwhile the whole five stand perfectly still, under the impression that the operation is not yet over.)

NARCISSUS. Ain't it done yet?

GRID. Ain't you done yourself, with your stupid talk; why you'll be speaking in your portrait.

NAR. Why pop—

GRID. Hold your tongue; don't you know that words are represented in portraits; again, if you did not talk so foolish, why its enough to make me cough.

BRA. Returns and shows them the portraits.

ALL FIVE. Ah!!!

GRID. How I know myself at once! don't it look like me? how nice I look there in the middle. And Phillip there on the left; no, I'm wrong, its Tom.

TOM. No, father, its not me; proof of it is that I hold the skimmer, and on the portrait there is a ladle.

GRID. Why, then, if it's not you, it's your brother, any how. It's a smart thing to have a portrait. What do I say? *Five* portraits just in the time it takes to turn over an omelette. Come, you junior Soyers, take hold of these plates and dishes, and forward, march. Let's go and show the groupe to Mother Griddle. Good day, Mister Artist.

BRA. *(Showing them to the door.)* Good day, Gentlemen. *(They go out.)*

SCENE XIII.

BRADLY ALONE.

I must say, that after all, this profession of Photograph is not the most lucrative. It is not fatiguing, to be sure; you see none but well dressed people; sometimes you make fine portraits, which make up a good deal for those which are not so; but, on the other hand, most of the time you have nothing to eat; for what does it amount to, three portraits a week for people always grumbling that it is too dear. Would it not have been much better, had I learned the trade my father wished me to, I would decidedly be much happier. Its very true, I would not hear myself called Mr. Artist, Mr. Photograph, but on the other hand, I would have money in my pocket, and I would have a dinner every day. I would not have these fine friends, who suck me when I am flush, and disappear when I have nothing. Oh, give me those trades where you work every day, all the day long; those are the ones you can live on. If ever I have children, I shall certainly not give them one of those genteel loafing trades like this. It will, at least, be the dear experience of my life—What! noise again! If it is another creditor.

SCENE XIV.

BRADLY, SKINFLINT, DEPUTY SHERIFF, AND TWO
CONSTABLES.

SKINFLINT. Mister Sheriff, this gentlemen here present is Mr. Bradley, of whom I solicit in vain my rent,

for the last three weeks; the aforesaid has all along obstinately refused to pay me, although he has received money, I, the landlord of this very property, where you and I now stand.

SHERIFF. In virtue of a writ, to me directed against the goods and chattels of Mr. Bradly, I, deputy Sheriff for—

BRA. (*Interrupting him.*) It is useless, Sir, for you to read your terrible document, I know what its contents are. The amount of it is then, that you turn me out of doors, and there I shall be without home or trade. You will sell for next to nothing, my instrument, my chemicals, my negatives—! Oh, my! is this what I have come to! I, who could have been a good mechanic; no, I was too fond of these fancy trades, these idling professions, and now I am punished for my laziness; shame, misery and hunger, are my lot. (*Much affected.*)

SCENE XV.

THE SAME AND MR. HARRIS.

HARRIS. Well,—Nephew, what's all this about? (*Bradly throws himself in his arms.*)

BRA. Oh!—Uncle!

HAR. What does all this mean? A Sheriff! An execution! Have you got down so low? Why did you not write me?

BRA. My dear Uncle, I have so often refused to listen to your advice. (*Much affected.*)

HAR. That's very true, you have always been deaf to

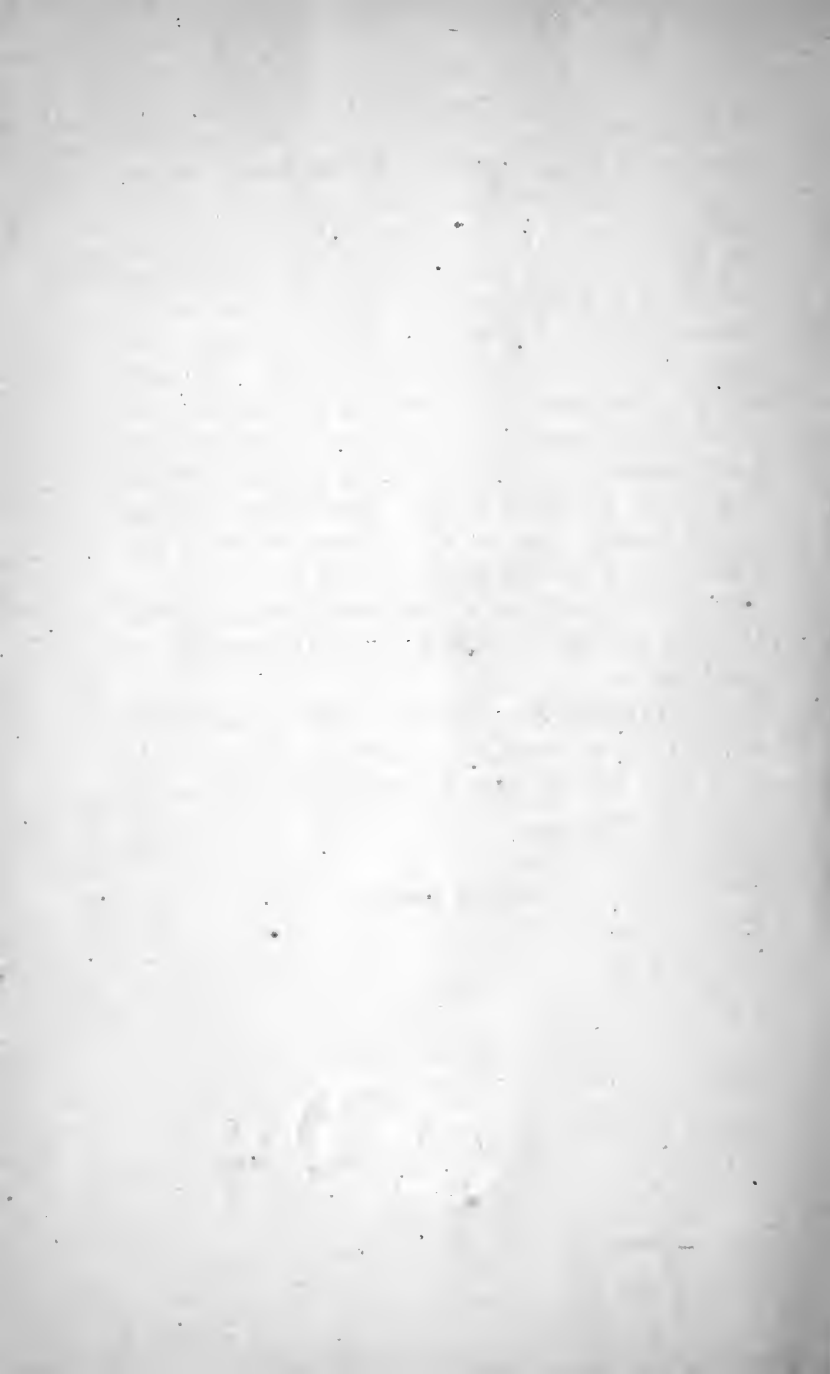
my counsels; when I told you, my lad, learn a trade, be it either cabinetmaker, shoemaker, painter, never mind; watchmaker, locksmith, it's all the same, I'll help you, but don't learn one of those trades where there is nothing to do and nothing to make—now you see what you have come to, with your self-will and laziness. I hope that by this time you are cured of it. Listen to my offer, I will pay this gentleman (*turning to SKIN-FLINT*) the two quarters' rent you owe him; you will endeavor to get rid of your instrument, and you will come to my house and make it home, you will learn with me cabinet making, and you will be treated not as my nephew, but as my own child. Do you accept?

BRA. Ah, dearest uncle! (*he throws himself again in his arms*) yes, and I trust never to be unworthy of such kindness.

SKIN. (*Turning to the Sheriff.*) What a lucky dog. It's not every day that such Uncles turn up, nor is it every body, that has them to turn up, either, don't you think so Sheriff?

Exeunt Omnes.













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